

# THE NEW PLAY

## "Brewster's Millions"

### A Complicated Case of Frantic Finance.

It's all very well for the programme to leave it with you to decide whether "Brewster's Millions" is light-comedy, farce or melodrama, but you can't help feeling that Messrs. Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley should have known what they were about when they dragged George Barr McCutcheon's story on the stage. While an open question of this sort may let out the play-smiths, it is more than likely to let in suspicion, even though you are assured that "the effort has been wholly to amuse, and incidentally, to uplift, by offering a good, wholesome play."

There's no denying that the play at the New Amsterdam Theatre is amusing, in spots, and that its chief actor, Mr. Edward Aheles, is clever enough to take farce seriously and to make the most of his somewhat mixed opportunities. As for the "uplift," you may be inclined to leave that with Mr. Frederick Thompson's storm-tossed yacht.

Although the yacht isn't wrecked, Mr. Aheles's able but hardly sea-going qualities as a light comedian are dashed upon the rocks in that melodramatic storm scene. And why, oh, why, didn't Thompson & Dundy go in for straight, simple, pure spectacular melodrama? That's the course they should have steered. Mr. Thompson might have thrilled the town to its backbone with melodrama, for which novelty-seeking theatre-goers would have gladly paid \$2, and which would have won him a position on the stage as secure and unique as the one Giacomo holds. He might have conquered a new world with the genius that made us blink at Luna Park and open our eyes at the Hippodrome. His answer to the play-smiths should have been "Melodrama with a capital M."

But "it was not to be." Mr. Thompson merely launched a yacht on a sea of talk. Less talk and fewer characters would greatly enhance the value of "Brewster's Millions." Mr. Thompson should hasten to the rescue and save Brewster from his friends. Less noise, please, and more action! Brewster would be much better off by cutting the acquaintance of at least half of those threepenny young men who act as though they had got their stage training in a tailor shop.

The moment that Brewster gets the right-of-way for his money-spending career the play begins to move. Mr. Aheles takes it along in a reckless, care-free and earnestness make his work a delight to watch. His noble resolve to spend grandfather's million in a year and then get uncle's seven millions, because grandpa was mean to mother, is taken by Mr. Aheles with the shining eyes and the set jaw of a real hero. He knows when to let well enough alone. He knows how to act. He gives you frantic finance with a vengeance.

This Brewster cuts a straight path through the wilderness of more or less trying and stagey persons as he heads for ruin. He embraces every opportunity to lose money. He "saves" a chorus girl in musical-comedy and when he learns that the show is a "bit" in Philadelphia he wires the manager to close; he piles thousands upon a declining stock, and when it starts to rise he almost burns the wire with an order to his broker to sell at once; he picks Polite, an After-You-My-Dearest-Alphonse selling-plaster, only to suffer the agonies of a winner when the horse finishes first. You may look in vain for a "good thing" from Wall Street to New Orleans, but "Monty" Brewster can't find a "bad thing."

He is pursued by the irony of fortune. To the rich in purse all things are rich. "It's tough on us and 'Monty'!" Even a tottering bank retains its equilibrium when he loads it down with his inconvenient wealth. He can't give away his money, poor chap! and he has only a year in which to rid himself of a million. But he manages to get rid of a lot in salaries, dinners and other unnecessary necessities. He can't explain uncle's will won't let him and when his friends discover that he is steering the yacht for a foreign port, where he intends to pay all the expenses of a carnival in honor of a saint to whom he claims distant relationship, his treacherous friends suspect that he is risky in the topmost and over-weening him. They look him up and order the captain to steer for home, but his dear little "Peggy," a tin angel who doesn't care for gold, stagers across the dock in the storm and releases him. The rudder is gone and he is about to hoist a signal of distress, when the captain tells him that the yacht is safe and that if he signals a passing ship his captain will have a right to take the yacht as salvage. That settles it! Up goes the signal with "Monty" exclaiming that he's in distress if the yacht isn't.

The yacht is a credit to Mr. Thompson and it rolls in a way that makes you long for an usher to hand you a lemon. But before it sets under way it has at anchor with sails set, leaving you a bit puzzled at the mystery of stage navigation. And it leaves Mr. Aheles winded and unconvincingly melodramatic in the teeth of the storm.

When "Monty" gets back home and a year is up, he isn't worth thirty cents—the charge on a telegram that a messenger boy brings. By very hard work he has managed to get rid of the million. For a moment he is led to believe that the custodian of the seven millions has skipped with the fortune that is due—a situation that enables the tin angel to assure him that she loves him even though he is "broke." Then comes word that "Jones" has arrived to deliver the goods.

Except for his ineffective dash at melodrama, Mr. Aheles gives a performance that makes him "look like all the money." Whatever the faults of the play may be, Mr. Aheles isn't one of them. Miss Mary Ryan, as the tin angel, is the most unselfish actress in captivity. The others are—too many.

CHARLES DANNON.

## HINTS FOR THE HOME

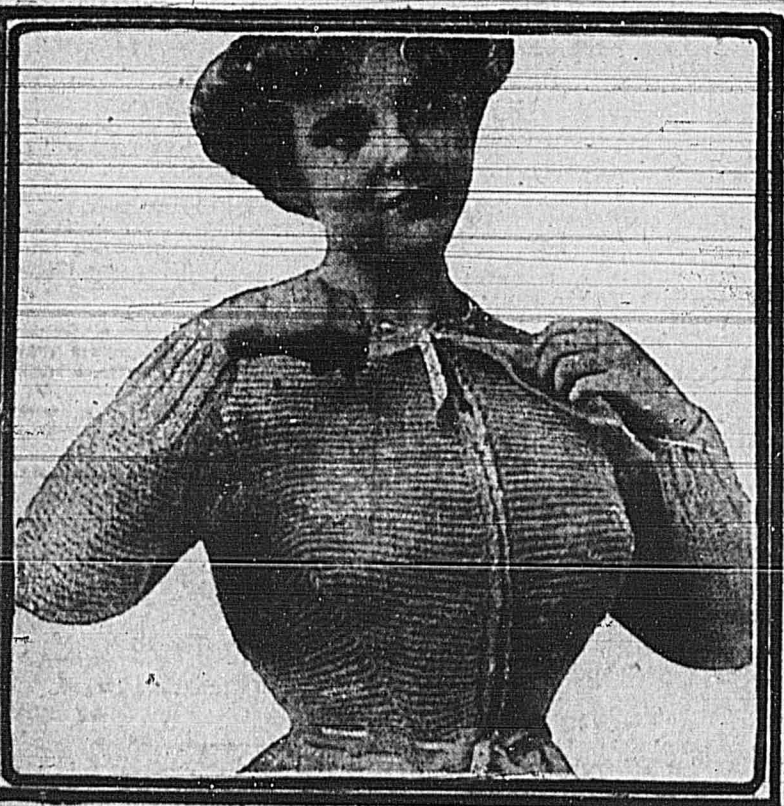
**Pie Crust.**  
FOUR cups flour (pastry), one cup lard (margarine), pinch salt. Mix with ice water. Use tin measuring cup.

**Salted Peanuts.**  
O any one who likes salted peanuts—Buy a pound of Spanish peanuts; they are shelled and cost 10 cents; put them in a dripping pan in a good oven, watch and stir them often. When the skins will rub off easily take them out. When cool rub off all the skins. It takes time, but it pays. Then put them back in the pan and put bits of butter on them, not too much, as they make them greasy, watch and stir as before. When brown as you like them, take them out and shake salt over them.

### Cracker Pudding.

COOK common crackers, split and well buttered, one cup raisins, one cup sugar, two eggs well beaten, one quart milk, one-half cup sugar, salt to taste, nutmeg, flavor. Here is the way it is put together: Have a layer of split and buttered crackers, then a few raisins. Sprinkle with sugar, salt and flavor. Then a layer of crackers, and so on until all are used. Now pour over all a little of the milk, which has been scalded and is still hot. Let stand until cool, then add the well-beaten eggs with the rest of milk. Place in oven and let bake three-quarters of an hour. Serve with sauce.

## Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.



Knitted Undervest.

THIS knitted undervest may be worn by either the slim or the stout, for it adds nothing to the bulk of the figure, so flatly it is worked. To secure this flat effect it is absolutely essential to use Shetland wool, for a coarser yarn would at once make the garment thick and ungainly. But the use of Shetland wool gives a thin, airy material that fits beautifully on the figure, forming a well-fitting garment. In making the undervest plain knitting is used, with rows of openwork outlining the gorges. The sleeves may be long or short, as one prefers, but in either event are finished with ribbing, to make them cling closely to the arm. Around the neck and the waist are series of holes, through which ribbons are run. The garment is usually made of cream white, or pink, or light blue, and trimmed with dainty wash ribbons of the same hue.

I will send full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Simply address Laura La Rue, Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 104, N. Y. City.

## Domestic Haps and Mishaps.

By Quincy Scott.



THE EVENING WORLD is giving TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES each week for the best suggestions, which need not be accompanied by drawings, for "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" comic series. The suggestions must be sent to "THE COMICS EDITOR," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354 New York City.

## THE VANISHING BRIDE or, the Chief Legatee

By Anna Katherine Green.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.  
Ransom, who is in search of his missing bride, has been seen by the police, who have been told that he is in the city. He is now in the city, and is looking for his bride. He is now in the city, and is looking for his bride. He is now in the city, and is looking for his bride.

### CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued.)

RANSOM met the implied accusation with singular calmness. "Any assistance will be welcome," said he, "which will enable us to solve this very serious problem." Then, as Hazen's lip curled, he added with dignified candor, "I scorn to retort by throwing any doubt on your assertion of relationship to my last wife, or the possibility of these good people being misled by your confident bearing—add a possibility—about the eyes to the way they knew. But one question I will hazard, and that before we have gone a step further. Why does it seem so incredible to you that Georgian, a much loved and loving woman, should have leaped to a watery death within a week of her marriage? You have just stated that you found no difficulty in that. Does not that statement call for some explanation? All your old friends here must see that this is my due as well as hers."

For an instant the man hesitated, but in that instant his hand slipped from his mouth, over which he had again said "I," and his whole face was its changed lines and the threatening, almost cruel expression which these gave it, appeared in all its combined eagerness and force. A murmur escaped the watchful group about him, but this affected him little. His eyes, which he had fixed on Ransom, sharpened a trifle, perhaps, and his tone grew a thought more sarcastic as he finally retorted:

"I will explain myself to you, but not to this crowd. And not to you, till I am sure of the facts which have yet reached me only through the newspapers. Let me hear a full account of what has transpired here since you all came to town. I have an enormous interest in the matter—a family interest. As you are well aware, for all your half-hidden insinuations."

"Follow me," was the quiet reply. "There is a room on this very floor where we can talk undisturbed."

Mr. Hazen cast a quick glance behind him at the man who had driven up with him and whom nobody had noticed till now. Then, without a word he separated himself from the chattering group, and stepped after Mr. Ransom into the small room where the latter held his first memorable conversation with the lawyer.

"Now," said he, the door swung to behind them, "plain language and not too much of it. I have no time to waste, but the truth about Georgian I must know."

Ransom settled himself. He felt bound to comply with the other's request, but he wished to make sure of not saying too much or too little. Hazen's attack had startled him. It revealed one of two things. Either this man of mystery had assumed the offensive to hide his own connection with this tragedy, or his antagonism was a honest one, springing from an utter disbelief in the circumstances reported to him by the press and such gossip as he had encountered on his way to Stirling.

The next moment he was beckoning to Hazen, said he, holding the door open with one hand and pointing with the other to a young girl sitting on a stool by the window, mending or trying to mend a rent in her skirt.

"Why, that's Georgian!" exclaimed Hazen, and, hastily entering, he approached the anxious figure, laboriously pushing her needle in and out of the torn goods and pricking herself more and more in the attempt.

"Georgian!" he cried again, and yet more emphatically, as he stepped up in front of her.

The young girl failed to notice. A look of intense pain came over her face, and she looked up, and with an air of displeasure, which pleased Ransom, she said, "I cannot hear what you say. If it is the landlady you mean, she has gone downstairs for a minute, perhaps to the kitchen."

best for us to separate, and how shall I go about it? I have done everything for her, but she will not even help me in my business. I have children between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. Would it be a disgrace to them if I parted? BROKENHEARTED.

Every woman likes a man who is clean and painstaking in his attire, but no woman of sense thinks anything of a poplin, a tailor's and haberdashers' dummy such as this young person's ideal must represent.

The man who thinks about the "latest collars" and the "latest ties" rarely has enough money left to enable his wife to make a decent appearance. As a husband he is not in the same class with the earnest, hard-working, thoughtful man who is content to let his wife wear the glad raiment. Shape your ideals to his mould, young women, and don't apply the clothes standard to men.

As the last four words fell from his lips he looked for some cause, slight and hardly perceptible perhaps, in the other's expression. But he was doomed to disappointment. The steady regard held, nothing more about the man, not the hand into which the poor disfigured chin had fallen.

One thing, and only one thing, caused a movement in the set face before him. When he mentioned the will which Georgian had made a few hours prior to her disappearance, Hazen's hand slipped aside from the wound it had sought to cover, and Ransom caught a glimpse of the sudden throat which deepened its hue. It was the one incalculable sign that the man was not wholly without feeling, and it had sprung to life at an intimation involving money.

When his tale was quite finished, he rose. So did Hazen. "I will see this girl," suggested the latter.

It was the first word he had spoken since Ransom began his story. "She is upstairs. I will go now."

He knew Mrs. Deo's room. He had had more than one occasion to visit it during the last two days. With a word of explanation to Hazen he passed down the hall and tapped on the last door, at the extreme left. No one answered, but the door standing ajar, he pushed it quietly open, being anxious to see if the young girl were still there.

question for us, as we have had a great deal of argument about it.

## THE JARR FAMILY

### BY ROY L. M'CARDELL

"THERE!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr, who was writing a letter. "There! I've gone and written 1906 instead of 1907! And now I've blotted it and made it worse!"

"Oh, never mind," said Mr. Jarr soothingly. "Ten millions of people will be doing or are doing the same. Your letter is all right."

"A fine-looking letter it is, on this cheap paper," said Mrs. Jarr plaintively. "A hundred times I go to the engraving department of the big stores to get some engraved note paper, and when they tell me the price of the plates I almost faint."

"What difference does it make?" said Mr. Jarr. "Anybody that cares for you doesn't care whether you write on cheap paper or not."

"Huh. Is that so?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Well, I notice your sister uses created note paper, but where your family ever had a crest I can't find out. There are two crests in our family. My mother had a crest she picked out herself, and my father's people had a crest, too. I believe."

"That note paper you have looks good to me. It is neat and tasteful, and you made a good hand," said Mr. Jarr. "And besides, 'Handsome is that handsome does.'"

"Oh, is that so?" said Mrs. Jarr. "Well, then, you just hand some money over to me. That's the handsomest thing you can do, and I need it, too, to pay some bills."

"If I must have been to Dockstader's mince, said Mr. Jarr, with a grimace. "Handsome is that handsome does—so hand some money. Oh, won't you?"

Mrs. Jarr fanned herself with the note she had just written, not that she was warm, but to dry the ink.

"Oh, you, there are other funny people in the world. You needn't think you're so smart. So, fork over the money."

"I'm a little short this week, and I wish you'd go light. Anyway, I got a straight tip that Niplasing is going up this week. I hear it's going to 12."

"Aren't you too apt to believe everything you hear?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Not when you're talking," replied her husband. "There, that squares us for the 'handsome' pun!"

"What I said was a joke, what you said is an insult!" answered Mrs. Jarr quickly. "Of course, I know you believe nothing I say, but if you had listened to me instead of to other people you'd be better off this day."

"There you go again," said Mr. Jarr testily. "I can't recollect any specific occasion where I disregarded your advice with disastrous results. If you're so anxious to give good advice, tip me off to something for my hair. Look how thin it's getting!"

"Why, here is an advertisement in this paper," said Mrs. Jarr, picking it up as she spoke and reading the notice in question. "Look, this says: 'Hope for Bald Heads!'"

"Hope isn't what I want. What I need is hair," said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, you'll have to be wearing a toupee if it keeps on falling out," said Mrs. Jarr coldly. "Or you can try massage. Look how thick it made my brother's hair."

"You don't know what made his head thick, do you?" asked Mr. Jarr, who was determined to be especially nasty that morning.

"I want what made your speech thick, anyway," said Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr flushed for his coat and hat.

"What did you marry me for, then, if I drink and am worthless?" he asked.

"Who would you sooner have as a husband? Do you know any man who is better to his wife and children? By George, you should be ashamed of yourself the way you talk to me!"

"Now, don't be cross," said Mrs. Jarr. "Can't you take a good joke once in a while?"

"The joke's on you," said Mr. Jarr. "You wanted some money, didn't you? Well, you should have made sure of it before you got so gay."

"I did," said Mrs. Jarr as she kissed him. "I took it out of your pocket before you were up."

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

**For Brown Spots.**  
BROWN spots are caused by some disturbance of the liver. I don't think any external application will have very much effect so long as the cause remains. You may try the lotion, which will at least be temporarily effective: Bicarbonate of mercury (coarse powder), 12 grains; extract of witch hazel, 2 ounces; rose water, 2 ounces; mix. Over the spots at night and morning. Chloride of mercury is a dangerous poison, and while perfectly proper to use as here suggested, should be kept out of the reach of ignorant persons and children.

**Dandruff Cure.**  
LOTION is absolutely necessary that your hair be shampooed once a week. Massage the scalp twice a day and use the tonic as directed in the following formula: Tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; liquid ammonia, 1 dram; glycerine, 1-2 ounce; oil thyme, 1-2 dram; rosemary oil, 1-2 dram. Mix.

**Pimples.**  
Try this formula for the cure of pimples: Beta-naphthol, 5 grains; oil of chamomile, 5 drops; ointment of benzoated oxide of zinc, 1 ounce. Use on the surface.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE new Empire skirt illustrated is one of the prettiest and most graceful of the season. It hangs in long, sweeping lines, it retains the normal over-hanging front, while it shortens it a bit in the back, after the manner of the period, and is peculiarly well adapted to all the soft materials of fashion, even cloth being made so pliable this year that it can be made full with perfect success. This one is shown in white marquisette, with embroidery executed on the skirt as a trimming, but while such treatment is exceedingly beautiful, there are innumerable appliques which are most effective and an infinite variety of ways in which the skirt can be finished. Indeed, the simple stitched hem often is sufficient, while the list of bandings and trimmings to be purchased by the yard is very nearly limitless. There is a smoothly fitted girdle, over which the fulness is arranged, and which serves to make the wearer comfortable as well as to keep the skirt perfectly in place, and which is concealed by the outer one of soft silk.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 1/2 yards 21, 9 1/4 yards 27 or 1 1/4 yards 41 inches wide if material has figure or nap; 8 1/2 yards 27, or 1 yard 41 inches wide if it has not, with 3 1/2 yard of taffeta or other lining for the foundation skirt, 7 1/2 yard of silk for the draped girdle.

Pattern 5544 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

How to Obtain These Patterns